

Good Morning 193

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

He Flew "Stork Flag" to Celebrate

IT was pouring with rain when we called at "Ivy Cottage," Honiton, Devon, but there was no "depression" inside the comfortable home of Lieut. J. C. Y. Roxburgh, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

Just back for a well-earned spell of leave after over a year patrolling Mediterranean waters in command of H.M. Submarine "United," he made naval history with his now famous "Stork and Baby" flag, which he flew with the "Jolly Roger" after sinking an enemy warship.

Hard on the heels of this success, a signal reached him announcing the safe arrival of a daughter at his home, and this gave the already happy Lieutenant the inspiration for his flag.

His young and charming wife dislikes publicity just as much as the Lieutenant himself, but consented to pose for our cameraman when she was assured that the picture would appear exclusively in "Good Morning."

"But," said Mrs. Roxburgh, "baby is asleep in her pram!" We couldn't help thinking what a contrast this situation was for Lieut. Roxburgh. At sea, a mere nod and it's "Up periscope," a short, sharp command, and a "tin-fish" is launched to go crashing into an enemy vessel. But here, in this quiet Devon cottage — well, "Baby is asleep" — and the Navy is powerless!

We all pondered this problem. Then a little cry from the covered porch, and the situation was saved. Lovely little Anthea, 3½ months old, was wheeled into the room in her pram, and the stage was set for our picture. Since completing his train-



ing some seven years ago, Lieut. Roxburgh has seen service in different parts of the world in various warships, but three months after the present war broke out he realised his one ambition and entered the Submarine Service. Now, at the age of twenty-four, he holds the D.S.O. and the D.S.C.

He was enjoying his rest when we saw him, and was quite content to stroll the leafy Devon lanes with his wife and baby daughter, with an occasional hour or so pottering in his delightful garden.

And, after a strenuous time at sea, with a lovely wife and baby to come home to, what more can any man want, we thought, as we said "Good-bye."



Science to make Soccer 'Greyhound Swift'

Says Raymond Fawcett

WHEN you and the other guys come home for the last long leave of all, and your war service has become a half-forgotten memory, maybe you'll be seeing—and helping along, too—a brand new era in first-class soccer football.

Yes, boys, the sports-world prophets are already preparing plans that'll date the pre-war games to somewhere back in the Stone Age. . . .

And it's not just a read-your-luck-in-the-stars business, either, for the words of wisdom on which this article is based are those of Tom Bentley, the Football League and Gold Cup referee.

When I interviewed him about his theories, I found that this is the Brave New World of football that he and his pals envisage for after the war—scientific training that'll "make the soccer stars like greyhounds," the whole game raised to the standard of a profession, and a new brilliance of play, the roots of which have been set in the ordinary routine of Service training.

Of course, you chaps will want proof of all this, so here goes—

The game was already being speeded up before the first siren wailed itself hoarse on the night air. They'd made a new "one-back" rule, you'll remember, which meant that you weren't offside if you had a goalkeeper and another man between you and the goalposts, instead of the "goalie" and two backs.

This quickened things up a bit for a start. But combined with this, when peace comes there will be a new scientific training, says Tom Bentley, designed to make the players faster than ever.

Even eight years before the war training began to become rather more scientific, and since then certain British footballers brought back to this country the Continental style of training.

Jimmy Hogan, the Scots lad, for instance, went abroad as manager and trainer for a European team. There he learned a more regulated, more strenuous method of putting the lads through their paces.

"Abroad, these teams are taken over to a certain extent by the State," Tom explained to me, "and they want the boys to do big things."

Then came the war, and some British footballers, in training abroad, were interned. Some escaped and brought back still newer principles.

Falling into line, too, with this new speed idea, is the fact that not long ago a surprisingly large number of clubs installed special electrical apparatus — sun-ray, violet-ray, electric beds for knocks and bruises. Even electrical gadgets for making

the foam baths which keep the lads from getting too fat in summer-time!

Which clubs? Manchester United, Aston Villa, and a host of others.

Tom Bentley sees the world

Tetlow (Tom) Bentley, senior technical instructor in textiles at Manchester Technical College, has been a referee for 22 years.

He started with the Lancashire and Cheshire Amateur League, and worked his way up the ladder, as linesman and then referee alternately, to the Central League—and then on to the Football League.

He has blown the whistle in the Irish Football Association Cup Final and the County Antrim Cup Final, and twice he has refereed in the Gold Cup Final.

Quietly-spoken, unassuming, Tom is a familiar figure as speechmaker at various Referees' Association meetings up and down the country; he has broadcast on sport three times; and he's now vice-president of Manchester Referees' Association.

So he ought to know. . . .

of football blossoming into a real profession after the last "all clear" has died away.

In the past many brilliant players have been lost to first-class football because no prospects loomed on the horizon where the normal seven years' professional life ends.

But Tom says those days are as good as dead and gone. They will make things more attractive by offering courses of study—actually replacing part of their training time—for other professions, which they will then automatically enter at the point where their football life ends.

The soccer stars used to attend for training on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays — and sometimes on Fridays for massage.

"Some of that is quite unnecessary," declared Tom emphatically.

"So after the first few weeks' training they will spend some of that time studying for a job in accordance with personal ability and standard of education, and provision will be made for them to get into that work when the time comes for the footballer to give way for a younger man."

This will help the "scouts" to pick up brains as well as brawn—to look for a new type of football genius in a new class of youngster.

Want some more backbone for these prophecies? Why, Tom Bentley tells me that Peter Doherty, of Manchester City, has found more muscle and sinew in the Air Force than ever he had before. His training in the Service has built him up into a greater Hercules even than of yore. Enough to make him faster on the field, anyway.

And Swift, Manchester City's goalkeeper, through his work as physical training instructor in the Army, can now throw a ball halfway up the field! "Farther than any living goalkeeper," says Tom. Donald Walsh, of Charlton Athletic, has been training the boys "On Troop Ships Going Over" in physical jerks. He'll be faster, too, when the time comes.

So if you get a crick in the neck watching soccer when the halcyon days of peace come back—well, don't say you've not been warned.

They forget Fortunes!

A FEW weeks ago a naval officer's mother saw a picture of her son riding a camel in Egypt, and only then remembered how, twenty years before, an elephant had snatched and swallowed a savings bank book from her pocket.

Her intentions of writing to the bank for a new book had always slipped her mind, and now she finds that the forgotten account has amounted with interest to a substantial sum.

A queer story? Queerer still, hundreds of thousands of pounds, representing money that nobody wants, appear in the ledgers of a room in Blythe Road, Kensington.

SLEEPING MONEY.

It is the Dormant Funds section of the Post Office Savings Bank. The money is in unclaimed interest or balances, some dating back eighty years, and it's being used to win the war. Some of the funds represent considerable fortunes which would be well worth claiming.

One three-figure total remained in waiting for thirty years because a man had never mentioned his savings to his family. His savings bank book was found in an old box, and proved a pleasant surprise for his grandchildren.

Other sums amount to only a few pence of forgotten interest, and the trouble of proving title would not be worth while.

Thousands of accounts for five or six shillings remain from 1900, when many families emigrated to Canada.

AWAKENED BY BLITZ.

Some untouched accounts were opened, and forgotten, by sailors ashore and soldiers in garrison towns during the last war. Quite a boom in claimants arose when folk cleared out their attics as a precaution against fire-bombs and re-discovered their bank books.

Bank of England and Government stock dividends in dormant funds are also going begging. The Bank has more than 100 batches of securities worth over £10,000 each, and the aggregate capital involved exceeds £8,000,000.

An Englishwoman living abroad did not know that she possessed a fortune amounting to £76,000, and lived for years by borrowing or begging from relatives or neighbours.

Another woman, possessing shares scrip worth many thousands of pounds thought so little of it that she used the paper to cover a cookery book. There was an eccentric North Country gentleman whose heirs discovered he had a drawful of dividend warrants he had never troubled to cash.

Can this perhaps explain a holding in Consols of £200,000 which has been outstanding since 1890 without anyone ever coming forward to claim it?

Once every five years a supplement in the "London

Gazette" gives a list of the accounts of dormant funds held in Court. It totals £55,000,000, and £50,000,000 of this was loaned to the National Debt in the 'sixties and has remained there ever since.

ON THE HEIR.

Yet claims to dormant funds are still established at the rate of two or three a year, and often great romance underlies the re-discovery of the dozing cash.

A taxicab driver, for instance, was, after a broadcast search, identified as the widely sought heir to half the estate of £48,000 left by a Mr. Whittingham, of Hastings. He was found living on the top floor of a Soho lodging-house.

Belonging to a wealthy family, he had left home and taken up taxi work under an assumed name because it did not suit him to marry a wealthy girl whom his father had picked out for him.

Another missing heir was discovered when two young Scotsmen in London were hauled before a magistrate on a charge of tampering with a cigarette machine.

Preliminary investigation by the police brought out the fact that one of them, unknown to himself, was heir to a fortune of several thousand pounds left to him by an uncle.

Five minutes' fooling with the cigarette machine solved a mystery and brought a fortune.



LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

HOW THE BRIGADIER LOST HIS EAR

PART I

By CONAN DOYLE

+ + + + +

THIS is the tale that Brigadier Gerard told. He said:

I will tell you how my love for Lucia was the cause of one of the most terrible of all the wonderful adventures which have ever befallen me, and how it was that I came to lose the top of my right ear. You have often asked me why it was missing. To-night for the first time I will tell you.

Suchet's headquarters at that time was the old palace of the Doge Dandolo, which stands on the lagoon not far from the place of San Marco.

It was near the end of the winter, and I had returned one night from the Theatre Goldini, when I found a note from Lucia and a gondola waiting. She prayed me to come to her at once as she was in trouble. To a Frenchman and a soldier there was but one answer to such a note. In an instant I was in the boat and the gondolier was pushing out into the dark lagoon.

I remember that as I took my seat in the boat I was struck by the man's great size. He was not tall, but he was one of the broadest men I have ever seen in my life. But the gondoliers of Venice are a strong breed, and powerful men are common enough among them. The fellow took his place behind me and began to row.

A good soldier in an enemy's

country should everywhere and at all times be on the alert. It has been one of the rules of my life, and if I have lived to wear grey hairs it is because I have observed it.

And yet upon that night I was as careless as a foolish young recruit who fears lest he should be thought to be afraid. My pistols I had left behind in my hurry. My sword was at my belt, but it is not always the most convenient of weapons. I lay back in my seat in the gondola, lulled by the gentle swish of the water and the steady creaking of the oar. Our way lay through a network of narrow canals with high houses towering on either side and a thin slit of star-spangled sky above us.

Here and there, on the bridges which spanned the canal, there was the dim glimmer of an oil lamp, and sometimes there came a gleam from some niche, where a candle burned before the image of a saint. But save for this it was all black.

Then suddenly the gondolier fell upon me from behind.

When I say that he fell upon me I do not mean merely that he attacked me, but that he really did tumble upon me with all his weight. The fellow stands behind you and above you as he rows, so that you can neither see him nor can

you in any way guard against such an assault.

One moment I had sat with my mind filled with sublime resolutions, the next I was flattened out upon the bottom of the boat, the breath dashed out of my body, and this monster pinning me down. I felt the fierce pants of his hot breath upon the back of my neck.

In an instant he had torn away my sword, had slipped a sack over my head, and had tied a rope firmly round the outside of it. There was I at the bottom of the gondola, as helpless as a trussed fowl. I could not shout, I could not move; I was a mere bundle.

I cannot tell you the humiliation and also the fury which filled my mind as I lay there like a helpless sheep being carried to the butcher's. I, Etienne Gerard, the champion of the six brigades of light cavalry and the first swordsman of the Grand Army, to be overpowered by a single, unarmed man in such a fashion!

Yet I lay quiet, for there is a time to resist and there is a time to save one's strength. I had felt the fellow's grip upon my arms, and I knew I would be a child in his hands. I waited quietly, therefore, with a heart which burned with rage, until my opportunity should come.

At last, after a considerable journey, I felt the side of the boat scrape up against a landing-place. The fellow knocked three times with his oar upon wood, and in answer to his summons I heard the rasping of bars and the turning of keys. A great door creaked back upon its hinges.

"Have you got him?" asked a voice, in Italian.

My monster gave a laugh and kicked the sack in which I lay.

"Here he is," said he. "They are waiting." He added something which I could not understand.

"Take him, then," said my captor. He raised me in his arms, ascended some steps, and I was thrown down upon a hard floor. A moment later the bars creaked and the key whined once more. I was a prisoner inside a house.

From the voices and the steps there seemed now to be several people round me. I understand Italian a great deal better than I speak it, and I could make out very well what they were saying.

"You have not killed him, Matteo?"

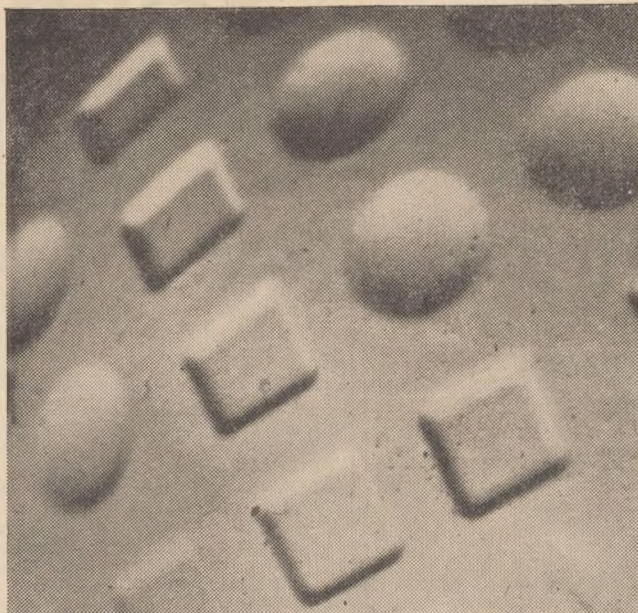
"What matter if I have?"

"My faith, you will have to answer for it to the tribunal."

"They will kill him, will they not?"

"Yes, but it is not for you

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

or me to take it out of their hands."

"Tut! I have not killed him. Dead men do not bite, and his cursed teeth met in my thumb as I pulled the sack over his head."

"He lies very quiet."

"Tumble him out and you will find he is lively enough."

The cord which bound me was undone and the sack drawn from over my head. With my eyes closed I lay motionless upon the floor.

"By the saints, Matteo, I tell you that you have broken his neck."

"Not I. He has only fainted. The better for him if he never came out of it again."

I felt a hand within my tunic. "Matteo is right," said a voice. "His heart beats like a hammer. Let him lie and he will soon find his senses."

I waited for a minute or so, and then I ventured to take a stealthy peep from between my lashes. At first I could see nothing, for I had been so long in darkness, and it was but a dim light in which I found myself. Soon, however, I made out that a high and vaulted ceiling covered with painted gods and goddesses was arching over my head. This was no mean den of cut-throats into which I had been carried, but it must be the hall of some Venetian palace.

Then, without movement, very slowly and stealthily I had a peep at the men who surrounded me. There was the gondolier, a swart, hard-faced, murderous ruffian, and beside him were three other men.

There were four of them then, but the little steward might be left out of the reckoning. Had I a weapon I should have smiled at such odds as those. But, hand to hand, I was no match for the one, even without three others to aid him.

Cunning, then, not force, must be my aid. I wished to look round for some mode of escape, and in doing so I gave an almost imperceptible movement of my head. Slight as it was, it did not escape my guardians.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A Parkin is a drink, a flower, a cake, a dance, a parrot, a wild cat?
2. Who wrote (a) Three Weeks, (b) Five Nights?
3. Which of these places is an intruder, and why?—Clacton, Cromer, Coventry, Cardiff, Cowes, Cleethorpes.
4. What is Ian Hay's real name?

5. Who said "The child is father of the man"?
6. What is the height of St. Paul's Cathedral?

7. Which of these words are mis-spelt: Camouflage, Radiator, Paraffin, Eschscholtzia, Pergola?
8. What creature lives permanently at the greatest height above sea-level?

9. The length of the Severn Tunnel is between 1 and 2 miles, 2 and 3 miles, 3 and 4 miles, 4 and 5 miles.
10. Correct, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." Who wrote it?

11. Queen Victoria was married in 1835, 1840, 1845, 1850?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Sampson and —, (b) Tooth and —

WANGLING WORDS—148

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after SENC, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of WE TRY SOS, to make a town in Shropshire.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GAOL into BIRD, DOSS into BUNK, DOVER into SOLES, WHEAT into STRAW.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from EMOLUMENT?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 147

1. ALphabeticAL.
2. WESTMINSTER.
3. HARD, CARD, CORD, FORD, FOOD, FOOT, BOOT, BLOT, BLOW.
ROAST, BOAST, BEAST, LEAST, LEASE, CEASE, CHASE, CHARE, SHARE, SHIRE, SHINE, SHINS, CHINS, COINS, JOINS, JOINT.

SICK, SACK, LACK, LARK, BARK, BARS, BAYS.
COKE, CORE, SORE, SORT, SOOT, SHOT, SHOD, SHED, SPED, APED, APER, AVER, OVER, OVEN.

4. Dime, Tide, Tear, Rate, Item, Mite, Mire, Rime, Rain, Near, Tare, Mine, Time, Dame, Made, Dine, Edit, Tame, Mate, Meat, Tier, Rite, Tire, Time, Rant, Mean, etc.

Merit, Trade, Train, Meant, Diner, Mitre, Tamer, Tread, Tried, Trine, Nitre, Tritate, Treat, Erred, Drain, Miner, Trier, etc.

ODD CORNER

MR. SCARBOROUGH, an organist at Spalding, Lincolnshire, rather fancied himself as a speed merchant on the piano. In 1828 he sat down to settle a bet he had made that he could strike a million notes on a piano in twelve hours.

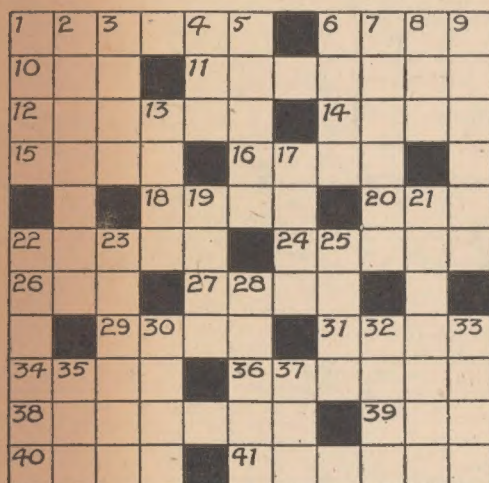
In the first hour he played 109,296 notes, and in the eighth hour 127,513. In eight hours and twenty minutes he had played 1,030,392 notes, and, including periods for rest and refreshment, did the whole job in 11½ hours, winning his bet.

Senor So was a well-known bandmaster in Spain many years ago. Being ambitious, he decided to try his luck in America. He was a tremendous success, and as a compliment to the United States he added the letters U.S.A. to his name, thus becoming "Sousa," the celebrated composer of military marches.

Answers to Quiz in No. 192

1. Flower.
2. (a) G. B. Shaw, (b) Ben Jonson.
3. All are islands except Portugal.
4. Charles John Huffham Dickens.
5. Dryden.
6. Mont Blanc, 15,782 feet.
7. Prevaricate, Repetition.
8. 11 hours 5 mins., by Georges Michel in 1926.
9. Hero of a novel by Rider Haggard.
10. "But I go on for ever." Tennyson.
11. 1776.
12. (a) Polish, (b) Andy.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Push forward.
- 6 Rebuked.
- 10 Negligent.
- 11 Ill-success.
- 12 Experts.
- 14 Grows old.
- 15 Number.
- 16 Warbled.
- 18 Breed of dog.
- 20 Corn spike.
- 22 Tend furnace.
- 24 Glowing red.
- 26 Gossamer.
- 27 Ballads.
- 29 Young animal.
- 31 Give forth.
- 34 Means of control.
- 36 Undergo.
- 38 Crimson.
- 39 Fall behind.
- 40 Mixed dish.
- 41 Falls.

Solution to Problem in 192.

MASSIF ASP
CART TILLER
ORION NOBLE
DRAWER WILT
O WOMEN T
SWAG B ROSY
T BUXOM T
AWAY TURBOT
NOTES MULCH
CREDIT LUKE
END COVERS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Diagram.
- 2 Disseminate.
- 3 Ruminants.
- 4 Newt.
- 5 Noosed rope.
- 6 Tribe.
- 7 Clung to.
- 8 Wrath.
- 9 Make out dimly.
- 13 Dry measure.
- 17 Crooked.
- 19 Tiller.
- 21 Naval Officer.
- 22 Climbs.
- 23 Gratify.
- 25 Accustomed.
- 28 Countenances.
- 30 Afresh.
- 32 Heat and spice.
- 33 Sheep.
- 35 Masticate.
- 37 Pile.

JANE

As Boloney scrambles precariously over the barrier of the escalator to join Jane on the "down" side...



...she tries to escape on to the 'up' side....



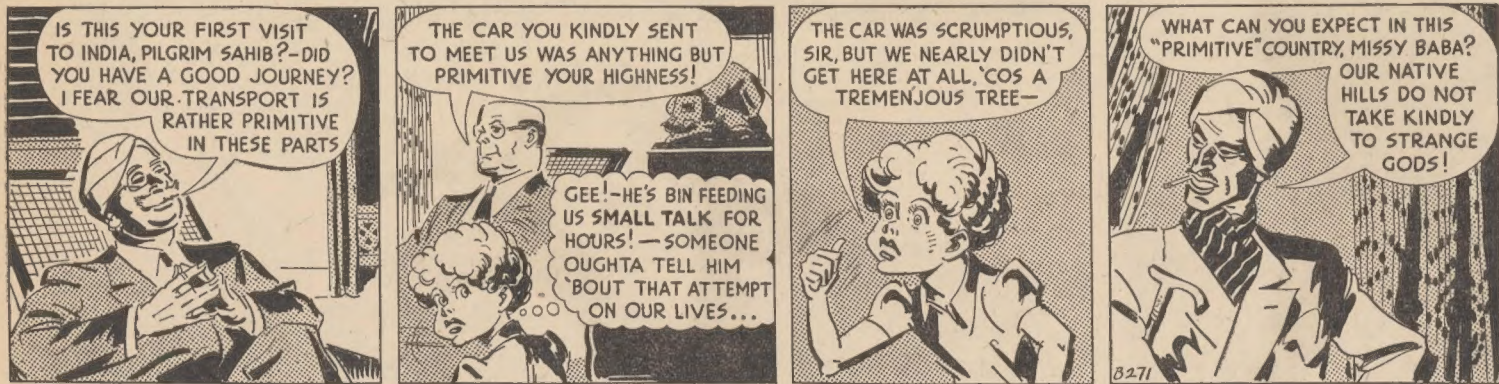
but slips—and skids to the bottom!



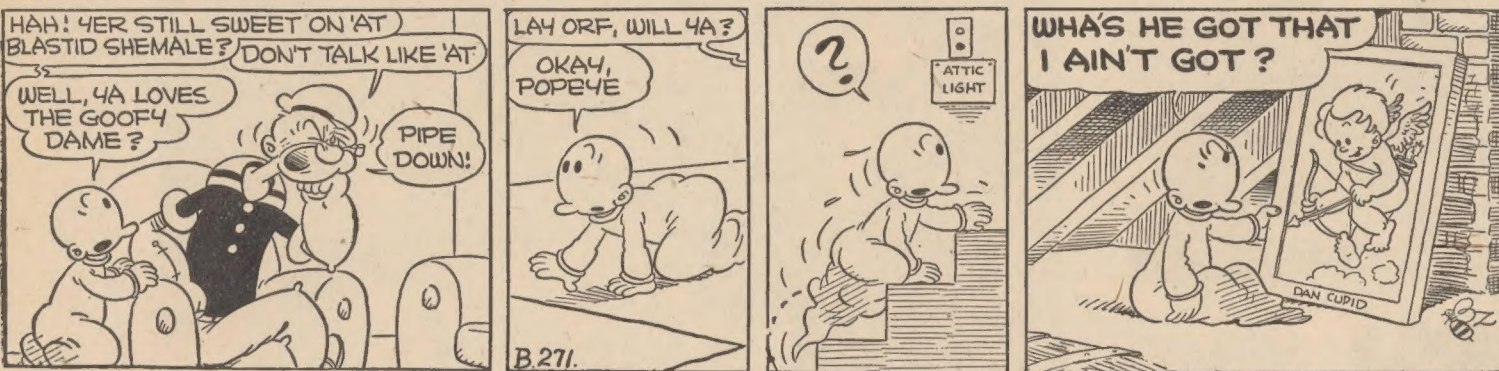
BEELZEBUB JONES



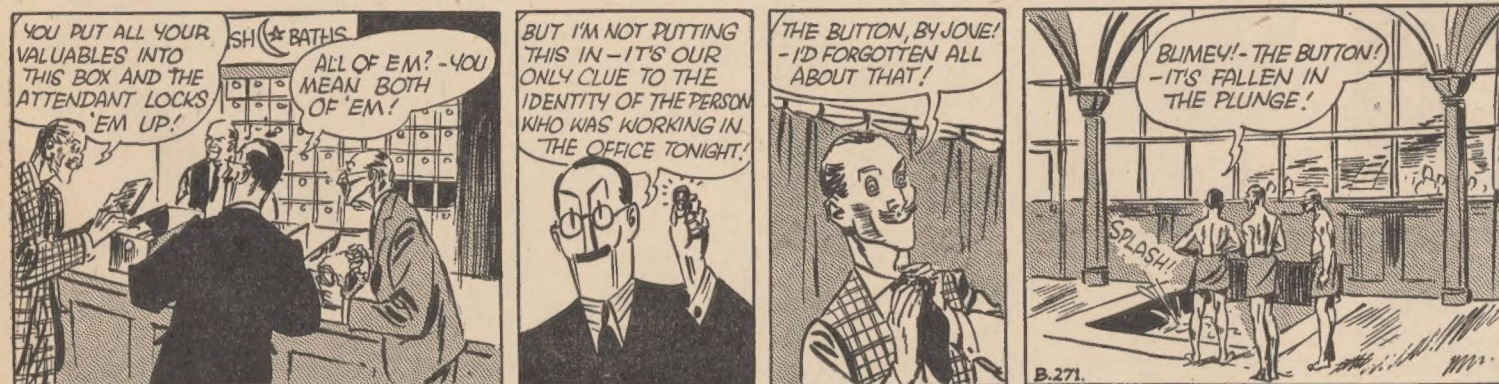
BELINDA



POPEYE



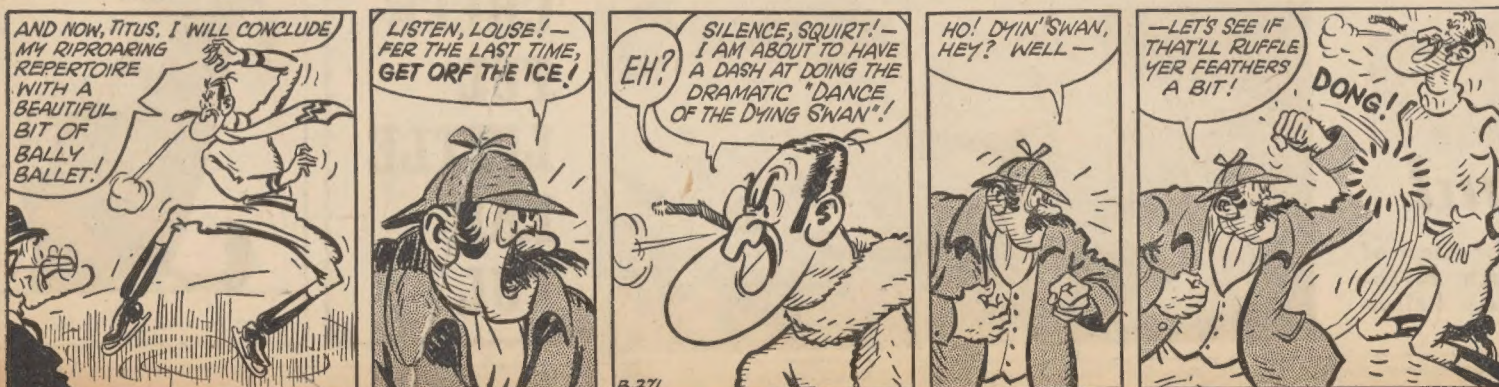
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

KINDLING SOULS.

THERE is a tendency in many countries to mock intelligence and the practice of intelligence. That tendency has been greatly increased by the European habits of war. Men remain very much what they always were, yet in every generation some few kindling souls emerge who are able to make a statement, and leave a light by which, in time, generations become a shade better than the generations before. The habit of European war has been to kill those forward kindling spirits.

John Masefield (Poet Laureate).

SMALL FAMILIES.

THE industrialists and the peerage are the only two classes that are possibly keeping up their numbers. The size of family progressively diminishes through the learned professions and the Forces to actors and artists. In every group except business men the most likely number of children which the recruit will eventually have is none at all.

Dr. A. Spencer Paterson.

WISE PARENTS.

WHEN we come to the child's mind and morals, how little do we know, how little can we give, in the way of instruction? Certain obvious things, perhaps, in the way of manners! Not to eat peas with the knife, drink soup out of a tureen, blow your nose through your fingers, or pick it in public, but beyond these elementary things it seems to me that the wise parent will do well to say to the child, "Whatever you do, don't be like me."

Prof. C. E. M. Joad.

REHOUSING—VITAL.

AFTER the war we shall need five or six million houses, and the men and women of the Forces and of industry will demand houses as their right, and will not be content with promises or a long-term housing policy. We must provide them with first-class houses quickly, and that can be done only by mass production. Rehousing is such a vital matter that it must be considered a charge upon the total national productive capacity, and the work must be divided between the traditional building industry and the new industry which can be speedily built up.

J. H. Hollins, M.P.

MIGRATION.

MIGRATION within the Empire should not entail the loss of social service contributions. Any arrangement should include the benefits of the social services in the country which offers to accept emigrants. The Government must face the lessons learned as a result of the disastrous Victorian migrant settlers' scheme in the twenties.

B. Mercado.

LIVING IN LONDON.

THE advocates of rehousing Londoners in cottages with gardens are really out of touch with the people who, generally speaking, want to live in London and will not readily be uprooted and taken out into the void. People are not machine tools, to be taken up and moved about at will. . . . I cannot support a policy which will mean more of the people being taken out of London than is necessary for the provision of decent, healthy and comfortable dwellings for those who remain.

Lord Latham (Leader of L.C.C.).

A DEADLY STRUGGLE.

CHRISTIANITY, with its gentler virtues, is locked in deadly struggle with the philosophy of the superman and the rule of might. The essence of this war is the question whether the ideas of Nietzsche or of Jesus are to prevail. But it is possible for us to win the war and yet to lose our hold of the very ideas for which we fight, by a foolish indifference to the organisation and habits which have propagated the Christian philosophy. Surely, if a peaceful universe is to come into being, there will have to be a renewal of habits of worship, prayer and church-going.

Rev. W. Oliver Phillipson.

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

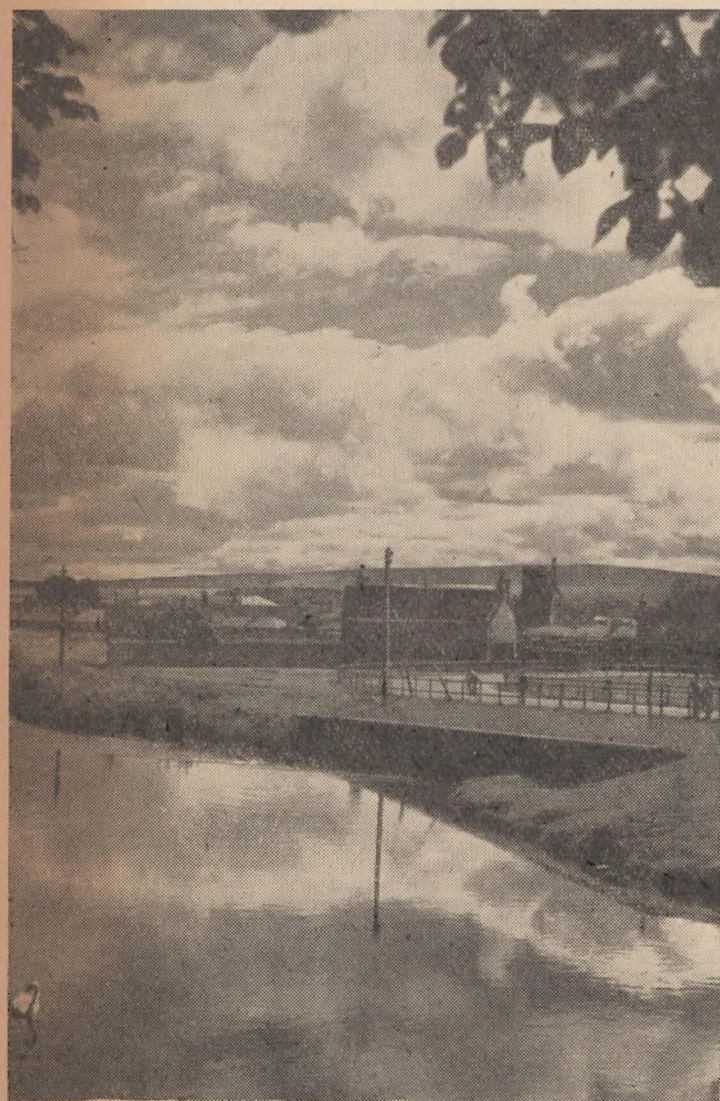
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"You know, I simply can't count the number of times I've filled this can, but the sea doesn't seem to be the least bit emptier. Do you think we'll EVER do it?"



★ Which
Do
You
Prefer?
★



Bonnie Scotland

On the River Lossie at Elgin. Even the mention of the river Lossie calls to mind Lossiemouth, birth-place and home of Ramsay Macdonald, late Prime Minister.



Columbia star, Rita Hayworth, lets herself go in no uncertain manner. She's just the tonic we wish our doctor would order.



★ CHEER-
FUL
LITTLE
EAR-
FUL
★

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm
speechless."

